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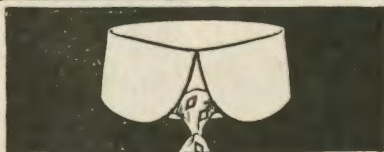
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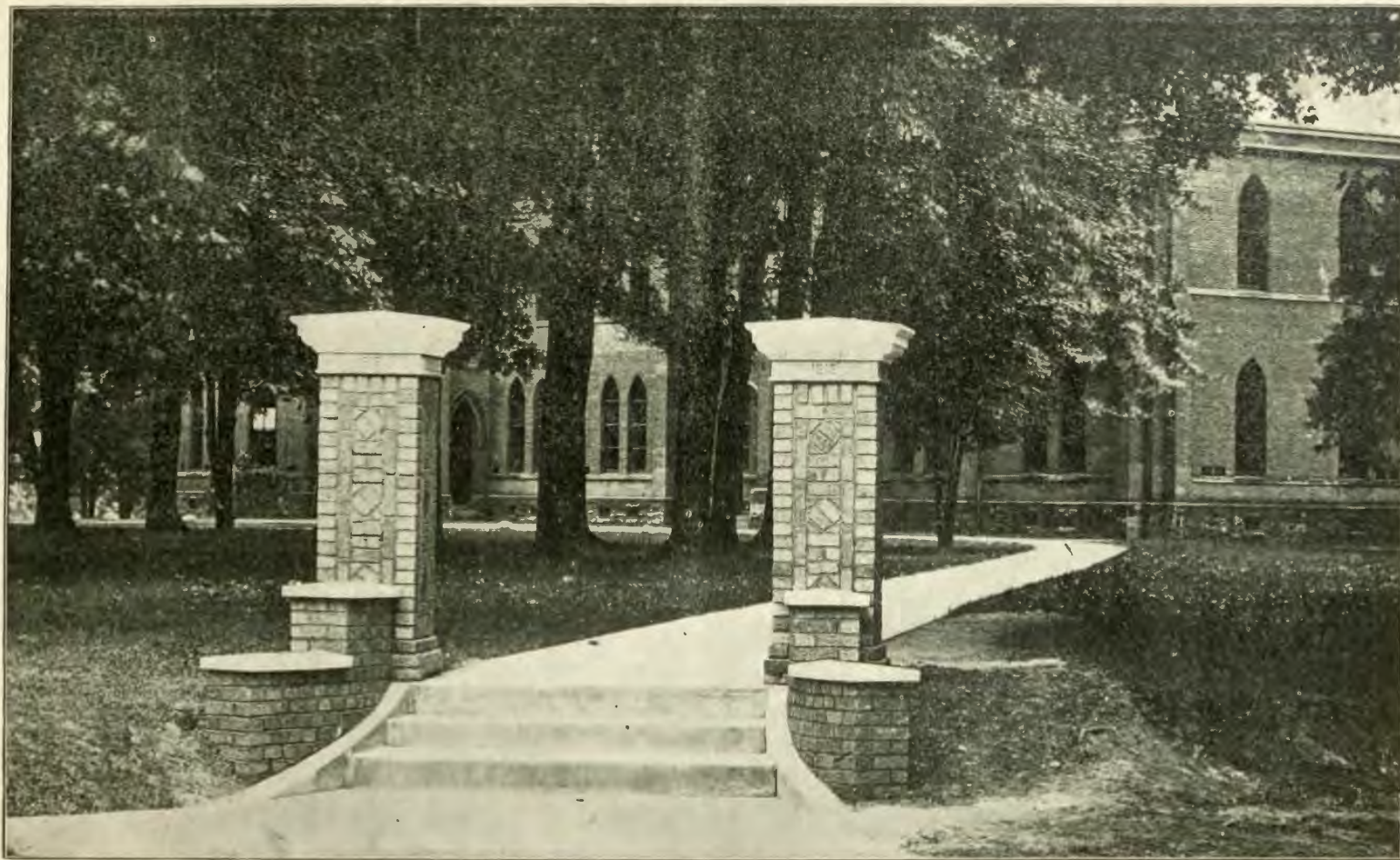
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No. 2

The Barrier of Personality

Edna Miller, '17

EVER since the study of science has fired the ambitions of man, he has spent his chief efforts in making the world conform to his scientific rules. He has mastered the natural elements until God's power seems almost overruled. He has investigated, experimented and proved, until every creature of the universe has surrendered his pedigree and biology smiles in triumph. The laws ruling man's action, the impulse behind the deed, are all card catalogued. Even man's intellect, that throned monarch, has yielded the key to its laboratory, and psychology will soon be an exact science. Yet man still stands like Alexander, gazing for more worlds to conquer, but one there is which defies him! In the battle-scarred field of man's scientific frenzy, one noble fortress stands impregnable. To speak in Emerson's tongue, "The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul." Personality—soul, still is indefinable.

What is it that distinguishes one man from another? How does it chance that in all the wide world no two human beings are exactly alike? There are twins so similar that one almost mistakes one for the other. There are strange coincidences of look or manner between two citizens of opposite sides of the globe. Yet there is always some difference, some elusive quality that proves the uniqueness of character, and it is this endless variety that has capitalized Personality and made it a word so adored.

It is almost amusing to note how the commercial and professional worlds are making an asset of this unprofessional quality. Applications for teachers, salesmen, doctors or lawyers demand that magic qualification "personality" as well as those other stock phrases, "efficiency" and "specialization." In other words, since man cannot dissect and catalogue personality, he is trying to chain the winged Pegasus to the earth-bound car of materialism; and we are truly thankful that the steed is stronger than the chariot, else his wings would be broken and his spirit crushed.

In every field of activity the personality man wins the game. Without it he has no chance of success; possessing it his victory is already won. The world rushes to adore the forceful, magnetic character, no matter whether he be a king of virtue or a rascally knave. Indeed we are so accustomed to this lodestone of power that ambition rises still higher and demands, "Personality plus," admitting in its indefinite "plus" the final sovereignty of the soul itself.

It is one of the fallacies of our educational system that we speak of the "average" child, the "average" man. There is no such creation for the real man is his personality, and that admits of no average. There is as much variety of soul as there is number of men. Personality is the expression of the soul—the divine in man that holds him to divinity. "The soul that rises with us, our life's

star

Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar."

To quote Emerson again from his "Oversoul:" "When it breathes through his intellect it is genius; when it breathes through his will it is virtue; when it flows through his affection it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself." Unless the soul rule the man, he is base.

If someone question the wisdom of the soul rule, let him seek the answer in himself. "We know better than we do. We do not possess ourselves, and we know at the same time that we are much more. I feel the same truth how often in my trivial conversations with my neighbors that something higher in each of us overlooks this by-play and Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." There are always motives and impulses in us that are higher than our expression of them. If it were humanly possible to live up to the best there is in us, if our high impulses ruled every action, our heaven would be on earth. It is only in rare moments that we feel the thrill and ecstasy of perfect accord with divine will, yet always its message is in our hearts and tends to elevate our actions, and the degree with which it influences us determines the value of our personality. Harry Emerson Fosdick has so beautifully put it thus: "No man should ever grope outside of his best self to find God. The thinker is of nobler worth than any external thing that he can think about; the seer is more wonderful than all he sees. Personality is the one infinitely valuable treasure in the universe."

Now you are wondering why, after all this eulogy I have called personality a barrier, and if it is such a barrier to what? Let me ask in reply then what Jesus

Christ meant when He said, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Why does it so often happen that the people who attract us most by the force of their personality, those who are most closely connected with us by common interests are so rarely our real intimates? Why? Because we are too selfish to grant to another the right to his personality.

Let me illustrate. We see a flash of genius in a fellow student and are attracted at once by the promise of greater wealth in store. Yet, unless we are rarely unselfish, the moment we try to sound the depths of that genius it exposes our own small measure and shame breeds envy that creates a barrier to real friendship. Or perhaps an acquaintance stands a severe test of will power and conquers a battle that has tried his soul. That magnificent strength fascinates us, creates an admiration that craves a closer bond. So again two personalities approach, ready to enjoy each other's company. But the strength of will which gained the big victory will shame our own weak will which has lost smaller ones, and rather than open our weakness to the strengthening influence of a larger soul, we shrink back in proud aloofness, and another barrier is made. Perhaps some common interest draws two isolated men. The artist's mind has been granted to both, and this bond would attract them. But self-preservation demands the destruction of all rivals on the road to fame and the common fear of the other's success will freeze the warm friendship that should be there.

The essence of every personality barrier, when reduced to its lowest terms, is selfishness, and in so far as selfishness kills man's highest self will he be cut off from the personalities that attract his own. He lets his soul be translated through his intellect, his will, but closes

the path through his affections, and his genius and his virtue leave no room for love.

It is easy enough to make a theory about your ideals and standards, to forge for yourself an unselfish, affectionate will that shall meet and mingle with other personalities and arouse naught but good. You can by solitary communion with God and nature, attune your whole being to perfect harmony with the universal plan, and you feel at peace. It is in these rare moments of self-revelation and spiritual vision that we come closest to the ideals we have set for ourselves. Then, if ever, we are close to God. Our aspirations reach beyond the narrow limit of existence and imagination makes us perfect. As Lowell phrased it:

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing.
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the present, poor and bare,
Comes with his sneering comment."

But with the inevitable recourse to the plane of human activity comes the wear and tear that jars our momentary equilibrium. Folks are not fancies, nor a summer's dream, and the eternal battle between our higher and our lower natures is aroused again as we sense the struggle in every other soul. The influence of personality is again at work, attracting, repelling, and ever striving to conquer the selfishness that makes life so far from ideal.

It is true in the home, which should be the center of our spiritual gravity, the one place where we show our real selves, where we are our best selves. But how often we close our hearts to those most dear to us, and share our secrets with another. The barrier here is not that we

will not grant to another the right to his personality, but we fear to express the high, true thoughts that inspire us lest they misunderstand. We are afraid to show our character. Why are we brusque and often ungracious to those whose opinion we really value highest? Because we dare not show our little graces lest they smile. We prefer to appear unsympathetic lest our warm affection seem affectation. Why do we so seldom "understand" those who live with us? Why is it easier to tell your noble aspirations to a multitude than to a few who are far more interested than the mob could ever be? It is the ever intruding barrier that personality makes for itself, whether it be gross selfishness or shy self-consciousness.

Personal influence is a powerful factor for both good and evil. Rightly inspired, it elevates the ever widening circles which radiate from its center, and humanity is bettered because one soul has lived. But a mean spirit can harm in the same proportion. One low character can degrade a whole community. And so, in more or less degree, every personality we touch leaves its impression on us and receives ours upon its surface. With the association between a strong and undeveloped personality, as of two girl chums, this effect is easily marked and places a heavy responsibility upon the one who has already fashioned her life philosophy. In the case of two whose wills are more equally developed the struggle and effect are less easily perceived, but just as strong. This often accounts for the varied and unexpected changes of front some personalities show, which lead to misunderstanding and often severe censure.

Perhaps a girl is too shy to be at ease in company. Her manner is awkward and her conversation mere monosyllabic replies. But her charm possesses the so-

cial graces and chatters so easily that she monopolizes the convention. Now each of these girls realizes bitterly her own short-comings, in the way of exaggerated virtues, and resolves to imitate the other. What happens? From self-consciousness in attempt they each go too far and the situation will be almost reversed. The shy girl reads clever things and repeats them to every victim, believing she is cultivating her conversational powers; while the second girl forces herself to withhold the clever chatter so easy to her, and becomes a social mute.

This is too introspective, you say, too unnatural to girl life. Well, it's just a question of personality. If she has "outlook" enough to see that she needs improvement, she will have "inlook" enough to attempt that improvement, and the very momentum of her personality will send her too far at first. But give the girl a chance. Before long the balance will swing true and her personality be better for the struggle, provided some good-intentioned creature does not criticize or ridicule her out of the process before its achievement. For the inward struggle of tendency and ideal will produce an outward mixture of self-consciousness and boldness that makes a very formidable personality barrier between that girl and her associates. It is especially hard on older people who have forgotten their own trials of adjustment, and often a lasting lack of sympathy results from lack of understanding at a needed time.

But there is a cure for all these social barriers, and it speaks for itself. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; love,

therefore, is the fulfilling of the law." Unselfishness, love, is the only expression of the soul that cannot, by its very nature, create a barrier. Personality expressed in genius may rouse envy and war; expressed in stern virtue, may defeat its own ends by its coldness; but the soul expressed in unselfish devotion can never be questioned. It is the royal road to friendship, the key that unlocks all doors, and grants us the benefit of helpful intercourse with our human relationships.

Let us then grant to each other the right to his individual personality, for to thwart his, dwarfs our own. Only by giving can we increase, only by sharing can we grow. Unless every man feels free to be himself, to express his individuality in his own way, he cannot make his impress in the bettering of the world. Every man has some spark of genius to leave to posterity, and without him it would be lost. As George Eliot interprets Stradivarius:

"When any Master holds twixt hand and chin
A violin of mine, he will be glad
That Stradivari lived, made violins
And made them of the best. . . .
. . . For while God gives them skill,
I give them instruments to play upon,
God using me to help him . . .
. . . If my hand slack'd,
I should rob God since he is fullest good,
Leaving a blank behind, instead of violins.

He could not make Antonis Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

The Last of the Race

Lloyd B. Mignerey, 17

I know what it is to be lonely.

This worse than Robison Crusoe existence is getting on my nerves. I fear that years of separation from any sane form of speech may cause even my thinking powers to waver momentarily.

The earth is a dreary waste, without friendship, wisdom, love. The earth a "dreary waste" with a million people beyond that towering wall at the farther side of my garden? Yes, and to you alone, my dear parchment, can I confide the useless yearnings of my soul, since the fall of my friend Harvey. To you and Asbestus. You funny old toad! How contentedly you live in the shadows of my easy chair amidst these fragrant vines and waving trees of the garden.

In jest I speak to the little creature as to a warm friend, tho I dare say no warm friend was ever so cold. He hops out by the steps every evening at twilight for a pleasant hour. I find that with the rest of the living world either stark mad or raving wild there are worse companions than an unpretentious old toad and his family. I have many times heard, in the olden days, dark rumors of the uncanny association of devils with reptiles of their species. I have been able to definitely distinguish nothing of the sort. In an experiment upon one of the relatives of Asbestus the other day I noticed, however, a peculiar palpitating of the heart long after death. The animal's blood also showed a tendency to cling to my fingers with an exasperating persistency.

Fancy seemed to say for some time afterward that old father Asbestus eyed me suspiciously. This evening, however he sits quietly at my feet. I can look him

in the eye, altho I am at times haunted by the petty thot that someday I may not be able to face even him with a steady eye and firm mind. The very foolishness of it now makes me smile.

Yes, I brood upon my predicament—and smile in the face of it. I know not why the Powers-that-be should have singled me for the sole survivor of the human race. Perhaps soon by a telepathic system upon which I am working, I may be able to ascertain directly from the Powers themselves the why of their singular choice. This may have come largely thru my parentage. I know positively that for at least two generations back my ancestors were free from any manifest signs of what has become the universal failing. They were among the few sane people of their respective generations. My father for many years was a close student under Professor Perrihot before that dignitary's accidental death in the collapse of the Last University, swept down by the advancing tide of imbecility.

Thanks to the labors of my father and his friends, the world's population—or rather what is left of it after centuries of imbecilic dissipation—is securely confined in a gigantic asylum. It encloses what was once France, (the extreme northern part of the city of Calais having been reserved, however, as a dwelling place for the remnant of our old French family) and a section of what was left of the old German Empire after the ancient fracas near the early twenties of the twentieth century, I believe.

And here I am alone with this jibbering mass of humanity to watch, to fear! Even old Asbestus moves restlessly at my feet. Something looks like blood in

his staring eyes, like blood in the eyes of generations past. With their learning, their philanthropy, their religion of the centuries, why did they not hear the voice of the prophets of their day? The people were amply warned. In my father's papers I came across an old quotation from one of the early sociological writers: "The per cent. of increase of imbeciles is already in excess of the increase in per cent. of population, at this rate the whole human race promises to be sadly feeble-minded within a few generations."

Across the wall of my garden is that warning come true! That is to say, *almost* true; with one more addition the last bubble will be burst, the race forever lost! In my solitude the best that I can do, since Harvey's fate, is to live on in the faint hope of meeting another companion. That must be a woman. Ye Gods! Who can describe that unsatisfied yearning to have my other self who can sympathize with me, labor with me at this hopeless time in a final endeavor to redeem the race! Somewhere in the vast regions of the earth *She* may yet be living. Yet I hope, even against hope. And the little reptile at my feet nods his assent!

Across the wall I hear voices that at this moment break my reverie. I can only conjecture what that multitude would do if the walls were scaled or breached. I have reason to believe that the more sane of the simpering idiots plan an escape sometime. On several occasions during an aerial survey of the enclosure I have noticed groupings gathered in earnest conversation. A swoop low upon them has usually scattered them in mind and body. Only last week, three years ago to the day after I had been forced to send poor Harvey with the others, I noticed in a quiet little valley nestling among the Les Ardiennes,

just across the old Belgian border, a company of a thousand or more. They seemed to be erecting a sort of barricade. They appeared, disappeared, reappeared before my eyes like ants at work in their colony. Gliding nearer, I saw that these also bore tiny white burdens. I dropped to within several hundred feet above the commotion. The ants literally disappeared into the very ground with repeated cries in French of, "The king of the heavens!" Behind them they left scattered in profusion along the margin of the valley acres of human bones! They had evidently discovered the entrance to an old trench and were removing the remains of men who once laughed, loved, feared, suspected, hated, fought, died on the very spot decades ago.

"Those were the men," I murmured, "who should have given to the earth a posterity healthy in body and pure in mind. *They* were the best men of the day. They should have lived to solve the problem of mental decadence in the genesis of its development."

What may come of this unexpected move on the part of the inmates I do not know. As a last resource I shall drop in their midst several charges of the tribonite, the highest poison-gas explosive of which I know. This is undoubtedly a horrible procedure and one from which I instinctively recoil. Asbestos himself seems to abhor the idea, judging from the manner in which he is hopping from my side with a shudder. Ha! He has caught sight of an old skull that I upturned in my garden only this morning and idly placed there at the foot of the steps. He is examining the find in open-eyed wonder.

I constantly fear lest the imbecile remnant of humanity across the wall somehow secure the formula of my explosive. Should the power of concentration then

come to them for a brief time the earth would not hold them. At present the walls will easily withstand any explosive which they may possess, and I hope—have hoped a million times—that Harvey has completely forgotten!

My thots *will* persist in returning to Harvey.

All of which leads me to drop another tear for my friend. Together we lived in happy company for almost a quarter of a century, with the howling mob separated from us by that very wall. We worked chiefly at the formula for the explosive. We were morbidly curious to discover the highest limit to a man-made invention of destruction—of our salvation if worst came to worst. We often remarked upon our singular condition and in jest challenged each other to an aerial duel should the last-hoped-for sane woman in the world unexpectedly appear and choose between us.

But one day I came upon Harvey stirring a pepper-and-salt mixture in an earthen dish. He laughed a strange, cold cackle and remarked that with the addition of another chemical he would blow the earth to atoms in a twinkling. He was dead in earnest. From that time I observed my friend closely and made every sane attempt to redirect his wandering thots.

In a word, my efforts were useless.

The only inherited thing was again re-appearing, I knew, from a former generation. No kind of environment, however good, I discovered, can possibly restore an absent capacity of mental grasp. Consequently when all hope of recovery was gone and I could not safely have him with me longer, he was cast away with the rest of the human rubbish. With what a jar that great gate closed! I was overpowered by the consciousness that I was the last of the race. The force of that has never entirely left me.

The sense of it at times is enough to set me wild!

If I am not mistaken that is Harvey's voice now across the wall. He likes to linger near this spot. Yes, I'm certain that is Harvey. He is still harping that old sentence, "Some day we'll crack the earth with our powder—crack the earth and set hell free." He must be happy in his optimism altho I do confess that it is a queer subject of good cheer.

If only Harvey does not happen upon the secret of our explosive! I should be blown to electrons some evening while I slept—perhaps this evening, tomorrow evening! The possibility of this has kept me from sleeping for a fortnight. Added to this is the haunting fear that my own mind is wavering. How can I know? The last standard of measurement is gone. I wonder how far, after all, the sane world is removed from the insane? Of course I laugh at this philosophy and tremble as I laugh, for old Asbestos is actually grinning at my whimsical fancies from out his musty retreat in the left socket of the skull. The little devil is actually laughing at me! A singular phenomena!

Confound it! Would that I were away from these insignificant little things that oppress me! What is Harvey saying over there? I hear a multitude of murmuring voices, and in the midst of this what do I see—can my eyes speak truly? A woman—*She!* A radiant form stands smiling before me. How came you here—no, tell me not! It is enough that you are here, that you are mine! The end of dreams, the beginning of a new heaven, a new earth! Come, into my arms—What? Ye princess of demons? Why do you fall into your grave at my very feet?—Gone, and only a horrible, grinning toad! Ah! You'll jeer no more! Your clammy form wriggles in agony in my grasp. Watch his eyes stare now!

His blood oozes out, turns black, and in it I dip my pen. With the hot, poison liquid I burn there buried syllables upon the face of my beloved parchment! What a sickly mass of jelly you now are, *staining my hand with a humor that will never, never be removed!*

The echo of a fearful detonation is yet rolling from the distant Ardennes. The whole of Calais, my home, my garden, seem to be showering in fragments into

the old English channel. Harvey has made good—the north wall is partially demolished. Good God! Hear them shout and weep! Yet I laugh like a fool as this human slime dashes toward me. This last inward struggle with my failing powers is an unbearable torture! They are almost here! Harvey's dream is come true; the whole earth is cracked hell set free!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Kingship of Man

Wayne Neally, '17

In Biblical history there stands forth a character possessing all the stern simplicity and stately majesty of a classical hero. He lived in an age when Law and Government were unknown; when individuals did that which seemed right in their own eyes. From birth he was disciplined in the practice of temperance and he grew up with the strength of a Hercules and the patience of a Job.

Men of force are generally men of faults and we find that Samson's feelings and impulses rose with the might of mountain freshets. With ease came self-indulgence and his passions were friends, that lurked in ambush within his body. The tension of his Moral nature being loosened, he plunged into sin, and soon Delilah, charming him with her beauty, was able to deliver him to his enemies. Then for years, bereft, forlorn, blind, Samson toiled as a slave, grinding corn for the soldiers who kept him prisoner.

The essence of the story is that the neglect or improper use of our divinely endowed faculties sees them removed from the sphere of our control—sometimes even entirely destroyed. It is an inexorable law of God and Nature, that he who disuses or misuses a faculty must

lose it. Neglect of vocal exercises for a single week means the creeping in of flabby tones. Wheat if allowed to stand will revert to the wild rice from which it is derived. The fish in Mammoth cave are blind—disuse has turned the optic nerve into a dead, insensate thread. Neglecting vision the mole has become blind; neglecting the sap it receives the branch withers, rots and falls away from the tree. Use is life—neglect is atrophy and death. No talent comes unasked or stays unurged.

The law of atrophy through disuse is also mental and esthetic. A fixed amount of energy, brain and body is given to all. If our time is spent developing a strong physique, naturally our mentality must suffer. The student who confines himself entirely to study finds himself endowed with a feeble body and low degree of physical development. Abnormal development in one direction is absolutely prohibitive of normal growth in another.

Darwin, devoting his entire time to the study of nature, soon found that his love for poetry and music had decayed and finally died. A world famous artist singing, not against the civil law, but against

his ideals, found his work becoming metallic and muddy. Byron, coveting a place among the immortals, curses his club foot, sins against his finer feelings, and finds his art slowly eclipsed. Once an artist has chosen evil, not good his clay model ceases to be art and becomes only a mass of mud, his music loses its sweetness and becomes a strumming of keys, his eloquence loses its moral purpose and becomes a jingle of phrases, his manhood loses its character and he stands forth, only a bundle of flesh.

The faculty that crowns man king is conscience—and conscience dare not be killed, unless we lose our kingship. Like the faculty of reason, judgment or memory, the conscience becomes weak through neglect and want of nourishment. Much of our modern doubt and decay is simply the result of pre-occupation and the neglect of our finer feelings and faculties. Competition is fierce, the pace of life is fast and soul culture is almost a lost art. Men's minds are so filled with trade and commerce that the culture of conscience, of hope, of faith, of love—is almost precluded. Yet in life all is lost when one loses conscience. That loss is fatal to hability.

Yet there is no just reason for man's enthrallment—and thirty pieces of silver, a wedge of gold, a purple robe, a bewitching Delilah, are no cause for man's overthrow. The remedy lies in the proper and constant cultivation of conscience.

The sanction of genius and the sympathy of earth's greatest minds and hearts are ours, when we plead for a systematic method and rule in our higher life.

The sun in rising and setting never varies a single second. By rule coal dust crystalizes into diamond and by rule nature paints the violet and lays warm tones into the apple or peach. The blush of beauty upon the cheek without represents the regular habits for the health

within.

The lack of regular eating, sleeping and exercise drives the bloom from the cheek, causes circles under the eyes and takes from the brain the fine edge of its thinking. Nature's beauty comes through the emphasis of method and system. Life means system and order, death, confusion and chaos.

The history of great literary and artistic persons reveals a wonderful story of systematic growth. Were we to search out the secret of earth's most eminent personalities, we would find represented, not the inspiration of genius, but the fruitage of systematic toil.

Goethe tells us he had nothing sent to him in his sleep. Schiller never could conclude, Dante saw himself growing lean with his "Divine Comedy," and our modern Kipling knelt at only one altar—the altar of system and method; worshiped but one muse—the muse of Industry.

It is said that eloquence and art is one realm where inspiration is every thing and routine and rule nothing. Yet history tells of no orator or statesman whose supreme gifts have not represented systematic practice. Pitt translating aloud the works of Demosthenes. Beecher spending two or three hours daily in developing the register of his voice. Practice lent power and power brought rule over men.

Since system and method have done so much for literature, art and eloquence, we seem justified in assuming that the culture of our higher life could be similarly effected. Our generation needs something to bring back the freshness and joy of life. The din of the street, the roar and rattle of wagons has left a great deal of the dust on the wings of our souls. Weary and disgusted men run fussily about sickened with life's excitement, yet ever seeking new pleasures.

Multitudes are overwrought and incapable of nobler joys. Action is glorified—meditation a lost art.

Let us send some young Wordsworth into solitude, bidding him brood evening, morning and noon upon the hills, and he will write great poems. Send some Turner into the fields and forests to study lights and shades of nature and bid him brood in silence over five and forty years and the day will come when he will leave the nation six and twenty thousand noble pictures and sketches. Let Moses go into the desert, there to brood for forty years and he will write the laws of justice upon which all codes and institutions still do rest. Send that Egyptian boy out into the desert as a hermit, and brooding alone beneath the stars of an unseen God, he will found the science of astronomy.

If the finer elements of our higher or conscience life is to be preserved, we

must realize the need and influence of system and meditation. They are the solution to the problem.

Our statesmen need systematic meditation and toil that they may put justice into laws, ethics into politics and love into service. The poor, toiling in mines and forests, midst the rattle of machinery and the dust of the factory, need it to remember that the earth is not a huge barn, its fruits not fodder, that man is not a beast. And we the younger generation need it to ponder upon the ways of God to men and find out the pathway appointed for our feet and be ordained in noble service.

No elements are more precious than these for the reason that writes books, the talent that paints pictures, the hour dedicated to worship, the conscience and inner life that secures true manhood and the utmost fulfillment of life.

Dentists

Helen Bovee, '19

This painful theme is not of my own choosing; it is rather an involuntary reaction upon some of my past experiences. I do not wish to become involved in a prolonged dissertation upon the habits, history and biography of dentists, but shall come to the heart of the matter at once by enumerating a few facts concerning the sights, sounds, emotions and events found in any dentist's office.

As a beginning, what is more distasteful, repulsive, nauseating and fear-inspiring than the mere sight of the places where the art of dentistry is carried on? On the busiest corner in the city, on the seventh story of an ancient sky-scraper at the end of some long, dark corridor, those who have the toothache suddenly

come.

Upon a door on which is painted in big black letters, "Dr. Buzz, Dentist," and below in the right hand corner, and in letters larger and more commanding, the one word, "Enter." It might have added "And Be Blasted," but no such gentle hint is granted to the unsuspecting and unsophisticated victims. This door usually opens upon a waiting room, varying in size from 72 in. to 4 yards in diameter. Here the Davenport, the window-seat, the two chairs, (one with, one without arms), are always packed with those of loyal hearts and spirits who believe in having their teeth attended to before it is too late. On the table in the center of the room are the vase of paper sweet-

peas, the "Saturday Evening Post," "Good Housekeeping," and a book called "Turning Points in Her Life." Whether there be other less conspicuous objects about the room I know not, for the sunlight is so discouraged before it squeezes thru the ten-year old soot on the windows that it is impossible for one to see at all until he or she has had his or her eyes turned down to the dimness. But there is always ample time for that, as the intervals between the exits of the patients are always long and aggravating.

But when the summons actually comes—when the "Next, please," becomes painfully personal, when you are ushered into the inner chamber, as it were, 'tis then that all the horror of the situation is burned into your soul. Oh! that red plush chair! That awful up—up—up to regions whence no retreat is possible! And while your friend, the dentist, collects the required utensils, you stare in consternation at the wall in front covered with all manner of electric buttons at the little bowl on one side with the water running around for you to spit in, and that great big grinder glowering down from above. Then with inexpressible calmness he brings forth the pinchers, the pliers, the squeezers, the cotton jar, the squirter, and while you stiffen your legs and throw back your head between the two little biscuit cushions, he most securely fastens the iron cage about your tooth, the rubber mask about your chin, the linen towel about your neck, and with a look of imperturbable grimness begins, "Open your mouth." In

goes a wad of cotton the size of a cucumber, a little looking glass on the end of a stick and a small pick-axe. Having located the situation of the difficulty, which, by the way, is a small hole scarcely the size of a pin-head, he immediately produces the little grindstone which makes your head feel as if a troop of cavalry were stampeding from ear to ear and having a little mix-up in between and starts to make a cavity large enough to hold your whole tongue and store away enough nourishment for ten days. Then how it jars when he gets down in the inner recesses of your gums. Methinks there is no agony so exquisite as when first he breaks thru the crust and gets upon the nerve. How pitifully, how wistfully you follow his every movement, how sympathizingly you gaze upon your likeness in his glasses, how hopelessly you blubber out, "Hit shore shpot Hurtsh shomething fiersh."

There is but one source of consolation for a time like that—onions. I remember of having tried it once, but the dentist came out ahead in the long run, since he could never get near enough to see exactly what he was doing, and consequently sometimes missed the tooth, hitting the cheek and tongue alternately.

But at last when the operation is completed and the hole stopped up, when he unpins the towel and you bump, bump, bump down to the floor again, don't you feel dandy? You first walk on the air, away up in the air, and you can hardly believe that the encounter is all over with your most intimate enemy.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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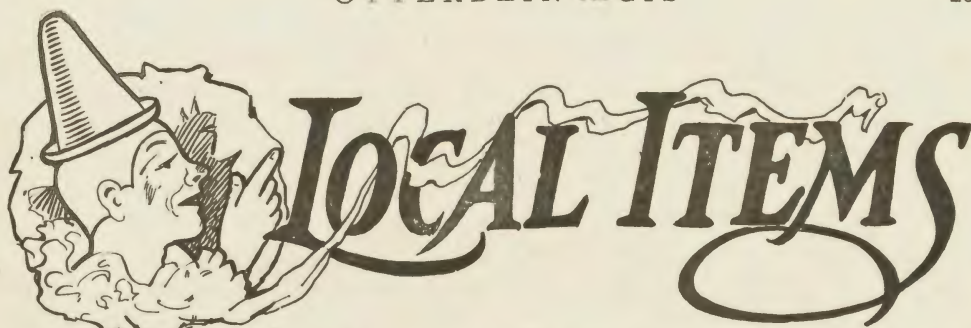
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THE PLODDER

We often mis-judge men, for the brilliant, congenial and talented man, we readily predict a successful career; while for the seemingly slow and untalented man we unhesitatingly express our doubts. But repeatedly in every walk of life, the plodder has excelled the shining light both in quality and quantity of work. For this apparent contradiction there is a reason. Every individual is more or less conscious of his ability or lack of ability. Too often the talented man conscious of his natural ability, depends entirely on that to get him through life. Thus he drifts following the line of least resistance, never developing his God given powers, and as his brilliance fades he fades. On the other hand, the plodder, conscious of his deficiencies realizes if he ever gets anywhere that he must pay the price of hard and unceasing toil. As he pays it, dormant powers within awaken, unfold and develop, and with the passing of time men learn to recognize and appreciate his real worth.

So fellow plodder take courage, for it is a known fact that men in college were in the C D and F class, have been, by continued effort, winners in the long run of life. For after all the real test is a willingness to work and an effort to put into life your best.



The opening address of the college was delivered by Governor Frank B. Willis, Wednesday morning, Sept. 13. The governor was introduced by Mr. E. L. Weinland, '91, of Columbus. The chief executive spoke on the general theme of "A College Man's Duty." The speaker announced toward the end of his address that President W. G. Clippinger had been chosen on the Advisory Board for the Civil Service Commission of Ohio.

The new students were the guests of the Cleiorheteans and Philophroneans at a joint push given by the societies at Norman Merwines', Monday evening.

Eleven Freshmen were introduced to Otterbein life early in the year when the "cruel" Sophomores led the "heroes" down to Alum Creek. Reports are that the water was very cold.

Time and Money.

First Student (wearily)—"I suppose I'll be up all night to-night; I have to make out my expense account."

Second (more hopefully) — "Why don't you tell the truth and get a good night's rest?"

Philalethean members and friends were entertained Thursday evening, Sept. 21, by the members of their alumni. Dr. Sarah M. Sherrick, '89, was president, Miss Geneva Cornell, '94, secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Slater Sanders, '77,

critic, Miss Sarah J. Winter, '74, chaplain, and Miss Alma Guitner, '96, censor.

A get-together session was held by Philomathean the following evening. A splendid session was followed by a good old fashioned-get-together meeting. Over one hundred men were present and all say that it was the "best ever."

The big football rally of the year was held Saturday evening, Sept. 23. The program in the chapel was preceded by a parade in which fully 500 students took part. After the program in the Chapel, the crowd gathered around the bon-fire, which had been prepared previously by the Freshmen. Every one went home full of the old Otterbein spirit.

Neighbor—"They tell me your son is in the college eleven."

Proud Mother—"Yes, indeed."

Neighbor—"Do you know what position he plays?"

Proud Mother—"I ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

"Stereo-isomerism" was the subject of a very interesting paper given before the Science Club by R. P. Ensberger, Monday evening, Sept. 25. Ruth Dick read a paper on "The Cold Storage Problem."

Approximately fifty second year classmen were present at the Sophomore Push Wednesday evening, Sept. 27th,

held at the old Fair Grounds. By a decree of fate, the Fresman Push was scheduled for the same evening. The verdant ones journeyed to Devil's Half Acre. Needless to say the warring factions came together a little later in the evening, but trouble was averted by arbitrating all grievances.

Good Enough Alibi.

Magistrate (to Mr. Simple, who has been summoned for creating a disturbance and giving false alarms)—"Well! Guilty or not guilty?"

Mr. Simple—"Guilty, sir; but it was like this, sir. On my way home I found a policeman's whistle. My son being ill, I let him play with it and he accidentally swallowed it, and now he's got whooping cough, and everytime he coughs I get the house surrounded by policemen."

A new Mason and Hamlin grand piano was installed in the Cleiorhetean Hall, Thursday, Sept. 28. A dedicatory session was held that evening. The instrument was thoroughly tested during the evening and members and visitors alike seemed well pleased with it.

The Junior Push was held Monday evening, Oct. 2, at the old fair grounds. The same evening the Preps journeyed to Devil's Half Acre.

The Glee Club gave their first concert Thursday evening, Oct. 5, at Linden. The program was well rendered and well received.

Warren Moore—"It speaks in the catalogue about the Dresbach Professor of so-and-so and the Flickinger Professor of so-and-so. What does that mean?"

Harmon—"I've been wondering, too. I looked the words Dresbach and Flickinger up in the dictionary, but couldn't find them."

A reception was held in the church parlors for Rev. E. E. Burtner and family the evening of Oct. 5. Members of the church, townspeople and students were present and welcomed the pastor back to Westerville.

Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, occupied the pulpit of the U. B. church, Sunday evening, Oct. 8. The auditorium was crowded and the Sunday-school room had to be thrown open. Dr. Gladden's text was taken from John 5:17, "But Jesus answered them, my Father worketh hitherto and I work."

The Senior Class Push was given Monday evening, Oct. 9, when the Seniors motored to Worthington. The "married men and their wives" occupied the first car, while the bachelors occupied the "trailer."

Mullin (reading in Sophomore Bible)—"And Enoch went to Heaven and enjoyed immorality."

Y. M. C. A.

The opening meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was of the informal get acquainted type. It was held Thursday evening, Sept. 14, and the room was crowded with men. Coach Hal. J. Iddings gave a short talk on "The Spirit that Wins." Other speakers were G. O. Ream, Captain "Bill" Counsellor, J. B. Garver, Prof. R. F. Martin and "Daddy" Resler. The captain of the various teams were presented to the men. "Cocky" Wood led in some rousing yells.

The joint reception of the "Y. W." and "Y. M." was given Saturday evening, Sept. 16. It seemed as though all of Otterbein was present, from "Prexy" to a Freshman Prep with back studies. New and old students were made to feel wel-

come to our alma mater.

Captain "Bill" Counsellor spoke on "The Spirit of Service," at the meeting of Sept. 21.

"Who Am I?" was the subject of a very interesting talk by Glen O. Ream, at the meeting Sept. 28.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 4, was the night of the big whirlwind campaign for members. Practically every man in school has signed up for membership.

Prof. L. A. Weinland spoke to the men of the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening, Oct. 5, on the subject, "The Value of Christian Service to the Individual."



Otterbein, 7; Denison, 0.

Granville, O., Sept. 29.—Joy reigned supreme in Westerville when Coach Idling's well disciplined huskies blanked the strong Denison aggregation in the first game of what promises to be a splendid season. For years Otterbein has succumbed to Denison, but at last the speed is broken. The Granville team was outplayed at every point of the game. Only once was the Tan and Cardinal goal threatened; by a series of speedy passes the oval was advanced to Otterbein's ten yard line, but our line held and took the ball when a touchback was called for an incomplete pass over Otterbein's goal line.

The scoring came in the middle of the second quarter by means of a 30 yard pass by Lingrel to Ream. Lingrel kicked goal. Throughout the contest this mighty ex-captain was the dazzling star. Miller and Peden at ends did exceptional work at blocking and tackling.

Otterbein (7) Lineup. Denison (0)
 Miller R. E. Brock
 Mase R. T. Clary
 Walters R. G. Critz
 Counsellor C. Cook

Evans	L. G.	Trash
Higelmire	L. T.	Meredith
Peden	L. E.	Shock
Gilbert	Q. B.	Ernshaw
Lingrel	L. H.	Decker
Mundhenk	F. B.	Jenkins
Ream	R. H.	Lang

Time of quarters, 12 1-2 min. Referee—Prugh, O. W. U. Umpire—Hamilton, Notre Dame. Goal from touchdown—Lingrel. Touchdown—Ream.

Otterbein, 7; Kenyon, 0.

Gambier, O., Oct. 6.—Beaten at their own game is the complete dope in essence. Roughness prevailed at every minute. Both lines put up a marvelous struggle. Two Kenyon men had to be taken from the field on account of serious injuries, while another was ejected early in the game for kicking. Kenyon deplored their hard luck, but they started something which they were unable to finish.

Otterbein's touchdown was carried over by Lingrel, the most wonderful football player Otterbein has ever known. On a fake formation this smashing halfback ploughed through the

Kenyon line for a 25 yard run. "Ling" darted so fast between two opposing backs who were hardly four feet apart, that they could only gasp with awe. "Fat" then kicked a pretty goal from a very difficult angle.

Otterbein (7) Lineup.		Kenyon (0)
Miller	R. E.	Galberach
Counsello	R. T.	Gordon
Sholty	R. G.	Thorn
Walters	C.	Axtel
Evans	L. G.	Sheerin
Higelmire	L. T.	McGormley
Mundhenk	L. E.	Ader
Gilbert	Q. B.	Abbot
Lingrel	L. H.	Gunn
Ream	F. B.	Bauer
Peden	R. H.	White

Time of quarters, 12-1-2 min. Referee—Hayer, O. S. U. Umpire—McDonald, O. S. U. Substitutions—Kenyon, Sanborn for Abbot; Downe for Gelberach; Endle for White. Otterbein—Huber for Gilbert; Mase for Sholty. Touchdown—Lingrel. Goal—Lingrel.



Coach Iddings says, "Bill Counsellor is one of the best football captains I have known in my coaching experience." "Bill" is a "Bear" and is receiving the support of every man on the team.



Elmo Lingrel is playing his last year of football for Otterbein. He moves like a cannon ball express. The football fans of Ohio are marking him down as an all state half.

Our Team.

The old Tan and Cardinal adorns one of the best teams this year that Otterbein has had in many a season. Let everyone boost. This to the Alumni: If you know any man on the team or anyone connected therewith, write to that person at once to let him know that the "grads" are pulling for a big season.

Our Coach.

Hal J. Iddings, our new football coach, is a King. What he doesn't know about football wouldn't fill a thimble. He doesn't talk much, but when he does speak, look out! Mr. Iddings has won a warm place in the heart of every man on the team as well as the host of fans. Drop Mr. Iddings a line, Alumni. He will appreciate your loyalty.



TEAM OF 1915



The north-end of second floor was rather deserted over Sunday. Ruth Fries is home, Ethel Meyers was visiting Esther Van-Bundy at Lancaster, and Ruth VanKirk spent the week-end at Canton and Cleveland—mostly Cleveland. Why?

Many of the fair co-eds went to Columbus last Saturday to see "The Bird of Paradise." Some are still raving about it and singing that weird Hawaiian music. By the way Betty Henderson was there too, and she has been "Snorting" about it ever since.

Alice Ressler has developed a marked preference for Columbus. She spent last Saturday and Sunday down there. Great time!

Ask Helen Ensor whether she wants her sweater for in-door wear.

Steaming hot oyster stew! How does that listen? Helen and Betty claim to have had the first of the season. We don't dispute that. All we hope is that they will have some soon again—and invite their friends.

Janet Gilbert is going home to act as bridesmaid at a wedding. All the girls are green with envy, for being a bridesmaid is absolutely the most exciting thing—next to being the bride!

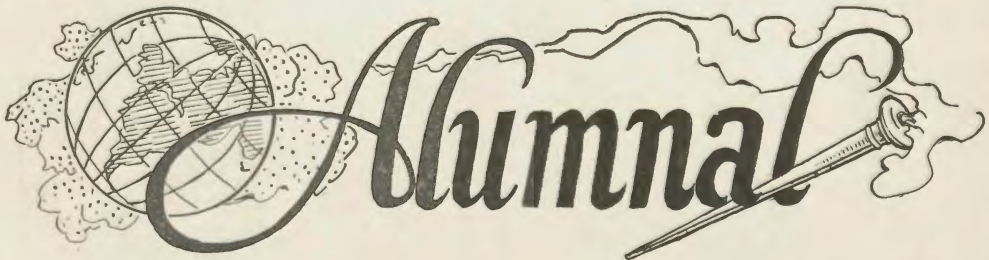
Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Edna Miller, our president, had charge of the "Welcome Meeting" the first Tuesday evening. It was planned primarily to interest the new girls, and we had a very nice meeting.

"Excuses" was the subject which Gladys Lake ably discussed. She succeeded in driving the lesson pretty "close home."

"College Thieves"—a queer subject, isn't it? But Janet Gilbert persuaded us that we all belong to that class by causing to others as loss of time, character and opportunity.

"Is it for Me?" Twenty-five new girls answered in the affirmative and joined Y. W. at our "Recognition Meeting." We surely are gratified to see such splendid interest manifested. Annette Brane was leader for the evening.



CLASS OF 1916.

Where and What.

Mae Baker, teaching Latin and German, Sugar Creek, O.

Dona Beck, teaching English, German and History, Ohio City.

H. D. Bercaw, teaching, Anderson Ind.

Anne Bercaw, at home, Anderson, Ind.

L. W. Biddle, Bonebrake Seminary, Dayton.

Lucille Blackmore, teaching Music, Westerville public schools.

E. L. Boyles, teaching, Richwood, O.

Myra Brenizer, teaching, Benton Ridge.

Edna Bright, teaching, Findlay, O.

Flossie Broughton, teaching, Milford, Ohio.

Helen Byrer, at home at South Bend, Ind.

Katherine Coblentz, teaching, Carroll, O.

M. S. Czatt, teaching, Tappan, O.

Cleo Garberick, teaching music, Galion, O.

Clara Garrison, studying at Art Institute, Chicago.

Blanche Groves, doing Evangelistic singing, Warsaw, Ind.

Lydia Garver, attending Boston School of Salesmanship.

A. L. Glunt, traveling salesman for the Union Grain and Feed Co., Anderson, Ind.

J. S. Goughnour, teaching, Vandalia, Illinois.

Myrtle Harris, teaching, Lucas, O.

Marie Hendrick, teaching Music and Art, Alexandria.

W. R. Huber, traveling salesman for American Book Co.

G. R. Jacoby, with the Anti-Saloon League, Westerville, O.

Fred Kelser, in school, Otterbein.

Claire Kintigh, teaching music, public schools, Greensburg, Pa.

W. A. Kline, teaching, Westerville, O.

Clara Kreiling, teaching music, Marshville, O.

C. D. LaRue, principal high school, Liberty Center, O.

Stella Lilly, teaching, Edgerton, O.

Norma McCally, teaching, New Albany, O.

G. L. McGee, farming near New Albany, O.

Verda Miles, in Otterbein, preparing for Lyceum and Chautauqua work.

Orpha Mills, at home, Tuscola, Ill.

Helen Moses, at home, Westerville, O.

Mabel Nichols, studying music, Otterbein.

Mary Nichols, teaching, Piketon, O.

Ermal Noel, teaching, Mendon, O.

Mary Pore, teaching, Webster, Pa.

Ruth Pletcher, at home, Columbus, O.

Clarence Richey, teaching chemistry, Hilliards, O.

S. C. Ross, principal high school at Genoa, O.

G. T. Rosselot, pastor, Cherubusco, Ind.

F. E. Sanders, Latin and English, at Rushsylvania, O.

C. W. Schnake, with the Tax Commission, Stark county, Canton, O.

Lelo Shaw, English and Latin, Brimfield, O.

R. J. Senger, English and History, West Carrollton, O.

J. M. Shumaker, teaching, Claridge, Pa.

Rowena Thompson, teaching Lima, O.

F. J. Vance, ass't bank cashier, Reynoldsburg, O.

Don Weber, in business, Dayton, O.

E. L. Baxter completed his work during the summer. He is now superintendent of schools, Genoa, O.

C. E. Fryman is preaching in Miami Conference.

'14

O. N. Briner who has been confined to the New Brighton, Pa., hospital for several weeks, is recovering nicely and will soon take up his work as pastor of the U. B. church at Deshler, O., to which he was assigned by the Sandusky Conference.

'16

R. J. Senger spent Oct. 6-8 visiting in Otterbein. It takes neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to understand his mission.

Ross M. Crosby was recently married to Miss Edith Jenness. They will make their home in Greensburg, Pa., where Mr. Crosby is employed in the public schools.

'16

G. R. Jacoby and Miss Maud Schering of Mt. Healthy, O., were married Aug. 15th. They are residing on Winter street, Westerville. Mr. Jacoby is employed by the Anti-Saloon League.

'15

Archie Spangler Wolfe and Miss Gertrude Meyer were married at Brookville,

O., June 14. They are living at Sulphur Grove, O., where Archie is preaching.

'15

E. H. Dailey is on a trip through Louisiana and several other states of the central south in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Dailey's work was highly complimented by Bishop G. M. Mathews, '70, in his Episcopal address before the Sandusky Conference. Bishop Mathews is vice-president of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

Ex. '09

Carl R. Funk died September 23 in the International Health Resort, after an illness of five months. The Ægis extends its sympathy to the relatives and family of Mr. Funk.

'92

We regret to report that Mr. Nolan R. Best, of New York City, editor of the Continent, a leading Presbyterian paper,

is suffering from a nervous breakdown.

'94

Bishop A. T. Howard of Dayton, O., started Oct. 11 for Vancouver, whence he will sail to China. He can be reached by mail addressed to him in care of Rev. C. W. Shupe, Canton, China.

'14

J. R. Hall is working out his Master's degree in West Virginia Wesleyan University.

'14

H. E. BonDurant stopped over in Westerville September 29 on his way to Bradford, O., where he has accepted the assistant secretaryship of the Railway Y. M. C. A.

'13

T. H. Nelson of Dayton, O., visited in Westerville, Oct. 6-8. He also took in the football game at Gambier.

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